

WESTERN SENTINEL.

BY ALSAUGH & BONER.

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From the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.

The Position of Parties.

It seldom occurs, perhaps, to the mind of the politician, when engaged in a fierce political contest, in which the interests of himself and his party are involved, and in all human probability, the destiny of his country, the manner in which he appears before the public, or the sacredness of the trust confided to his keeping.

Ever since the establishment of popular governments, and the formation of republican institutions, it has been the policy of aspiring politicians to drag before the country some exciting questions, affecting, in some measure, public policy, thereby adding fuel to the flame that, instead of elevating the character of American Statesmanship, was continually detracting from the high and exalted bearing, which should characterize the representatives of the people, and throwing a damper over their deliberations, of which the unseeing mind of the disinterested spectator was continually speaking.

In glancing back at the history of parties, and examining the positions occupied by them during times of excitement and scenes of disaster,—when the reigns of the federal government were in the hands of those sages of antiquity, whose names are only known to us as they stand a monument to their fame upon the pages of history, we find that an altogether different state of affairs existed, when compared to the present position of parties.

The politician of earlier times, when called upon the public arena, to defend the cherished principles of a free and popular government, indulged in no unwise speculations or unjust denunciations of those who perchance opposed the policy in which he believed, but pursued the "even tenor of his way" in advocacy of national and conservative doctrines, feeling assured that any other course would be entirely impolitic and contrary to justice, reason and intelligence.

Unlike the great conservative, Union-loving men of those times, we find the fancy of the obscure political adventurer of the present day, continually on the wing; he readily rises to points and heights beyond which the imagination throws not its illuminations; and in his eagle course, basking in the supposed sunshine of political prosperity, we find him ever ready to grasp at almost any novel or exciting question which may unfortunately be agitated and in a moment of excitement, without stopping to calculate the dangerous policy of the course he is pursuing, he dashes head-long into the heat of conflict, and before he is conscious of the trust he is violating, he and his party are enveloped in difficulties, from which long years of arduous labor cannot release them. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that they are the only ones who are made to suffer by this dangerous policy. They are regarded as the leaders of their respective parties, and our standing as a nation will of course be judged by their actions.

When a politician appears before the people as a candidate for any particular office, he should always remember, that a dignified course is the only one which he ought to pursue, and that, if any important question is being agitated before the country, it is his duty to put forth his utmost strength in order to secure its triumph, or, if necessary, its defeat.

If he does not care for his own personal fame, he should have some regard for the honor and welfare of his country; and if elected to the councils of the nation, he should go there determined to do battle for the constitution, and endeavor to preserve the unity and sovereignty of the

States—and if defeated to return to his constituents, with the proud thought that he fought on the side of the Union!

He should feel, when engaged in such a contest, as did the heroic Sir Charles Napier, when he wrote so beautifully and touchingly to a lady on the eve of his great victory at Meamee, saying: "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I shall fall, I shall soon be with those I loved." It is this feeling which gives to political parties their true position, and which makes a man a true patriot.

What could be more pleasant to a brave man than to be with those he loves and esteems after having aided in achieving a national victory. Or what could be more galling to the feelings of a politician, than the reflection that there is no honor due to him—that he did not do his duty, and was not found where danger threatened and honor called—how could he meet his constituents, to whom he was indebted for all the honors that had been conferred upon him, and these thoughts rankling in his bosom?

This sense of shame, which every proud man feels at the thought of being overcome, and this shrinking from the gaze of our friends and supporters when we return to them without laurels and without the consolation of having acted so as to deserve them, was well understood by the Duke of Wellington. During the battle of Waterloo he frequently said to those around him, "We must not be beaten; what will they say in England?" No doubt this kept many a man at his post.

The same spirit glowed in the bosom of that celebrated warrior, should animate every political leader in the Union; and aid him in allaying and arresting the political evils, which now distract and disturb the peace of the country, and give to parties a position at which the European aristocrat could not point the finger of scorn. It is only such men as these who make good patriots. The man who has no character to lose—who cares nothing for the nationality of his party—who leaves no one behind, for whose opinions he is willing to hazard much, seldom makes a sound, conservative representative.

In the hour of danger, when death and defeat menace—when victory can be snatched from a determined foe only by almost super-human exertions—then it is that men who are battling for conservative principles and the "Union of the States," who wish to be honored at home and respected abroad, show themselves patriots. It is then a distinction can be drawn between the mere political adventurer, fighting for pay, and the man who is identified with the interests of his country, and whose proudest triumph would be to hold out a victorious hand to be grasped by his supporters at home.

The man without anything to lose or gain by the result of a political contest, provided he simply obeys orders may make a possible politician; but it is the man who feels he would lose in the estimation of his friends—that he would come in for a large share of the disgrace, should his country's flag trail in the dust, who makes the pure patriot, when he simply intends to be a patriot, and to preserve his own good name in the annals of the country. He never surrenders—he may be defeated but never conquered. It is this that makes the position of the Democratic party invincible.

While this is the case with the Democratic party, we find others occupying an entirely different position. Look at the history of the old whig party; and mark the change that had suddenly come over the "spirit of the dreams" of the leaders of that party. Look at its position, when it numbered among its champions the dauntless spirits of Clay and Webster; the scintillations of whose intellects still burn and blaze all around us, and compare with the position of the party which has arisen up on its ruins. No sooner had those great lights ceased to shine, when the nationality of the whig party vanished like a vapor; and the remaining few, unable to sustain themselves, sought refuge in the caverns of the earth, and with dark lanterns for their guides and solemn oaths for their principles, they finally came forth as the great "Know Nothing party" (alias American-Whig party) and for a moment swept everything before them. Defeat, at length overtook them, and that distinguished personage, (Sam) who had wandered through several States by the name of "Invincible," was suddenly cut down, not having been granted the privilege of even

saying his prayers.

He has slept again for a season, and his followers being conscious that they could never again rally under the name of Whig, Know Nothing Americans, they step forth from their vaulted sepulchres, clad in the habiliments of the grave, and with an audacity, with which no ghost should be possessed, they disregard the former principles under which they endeavored to triumph—throw aside the native born idea of "Americans ruling America," of putting none but "Americans on guard," &c., and cry out for an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the freemen of Virginia. Phœbus, what a pity! Where are the log cabins, coon skins and hard cider of 1840, and the old gourds from which the cider was drank? Bring them out, and let's have them to correspond with the position of that illustrious and yet still more amphibious party of the present day.

Every species of trickery and humbug are being resorted to by the distributionists in Virginia, in order to gull the people into the support of their candidates—bogus moonshine, soap bubble, snake, tarantulas, centipedes and a long category of hobgoblins and bloody bones arrayed to fill us with awe and alarm.

But all this will avail nothing; and the distraction and discord which the prime movers in this affair are creating, will be triumphantly frowned down on the 4th Thursday in this month.

BUCKINGHAM.

LYNCHBURG, May 4, 1857.

English Elections.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers to learn how elections are conducted in England:

When the nomination day comes, an elevated platform, or hustings, is raised in a conspicuous place. On it stand the various candidates with their select friends.—The mayor or sheriff announces to the people below that they must proceed to elect a representative, and reads the writ. On this, up steps a notable citizen of the place, and proposes Mr. John Smith, whom he pronounces the greatest man of the age. John Smith takes off his hat and makes his speech. Then another notable citizen steps forward, and proposes John Jones, who delivers himself of his views like his predecessor. A third notable citizen may then propose John Robinson, and a fourth John Brown, and so on. When all have been duly proposed, and have delivered themselves of their sentiments, the mayor or sheriff calls upon the people assembled to make their choice, then and there by showing of hands. This they do; and he, after careful inspection of the uplifted palms, duly declares that John Smith and John Jones are the men elect.

At this up starts—as if in great amazement, though he knew it all along, and knew, as everybody else did, that the men below were not half of them voters—the proposer of John Robinson, and demands "a poll." The presiding officer assents, and a day is fixed.

The voting, as in Virginia, is *in vivo*, and is open to all the objections with which that system has usually been charged.—Large manufacturers, and large land proprietors, stand at the polls to see how their tenants vote. Candidates, with pretty wives, bring them to the polls to talk to voters. Not long since, the wife of a British nobleman won an election for her brother by kissing a farmer, whose casting vote decided the day. At the late election Lady John Russell and Lady Palmerston both took an active part. In the country boroughs almost every candidate had his borough carefully canvassed by two or three of the prettiest girls of his acquaintance. How could John Bull resist the imploring accents of a lovely young creature, who was, besides, the daughter of an earl? In many places, the voter is assailed by two of the loveliest little white gloved hands, and two of the sweetest girlish voices, and two pair of the brightest eyes, whose possessors each implore and entreat him, for her sake, to vote for "her friend and the friend of England." Whatever may be said of political necessities, this plan is undoubtedly the most pleasant.

What is done here by "stumping" is often done there by personal visits. In the small boroughs the candidate often visits every elector between the day of nomination and the election-day. Then the lord or baronet takes his hat off to the butcher or baker, clucks the grocer's daughter under the chin, and kisses the fat face of

the farmer's baby. This thorough system of canvassing is the more easily effected as the constitutions are small—in comparison with ours, ridiculously small. Many of the leading men of England—such as Lord Palmerston, Cobden, Layard, etc.—have sat for boroughs whose entire vote was not over 300. The whole vote polled in the city of London does not exceed 7,500, and it is by far the largest constituency in the kingdom. Cobden obtained just 777 votes; Layard, 336; Anglake was elected with 301; Sir Robert Peel's son, with 530 votes, lost the day by 31; Mr. Gladstone only got 118; Mr. Lowe was elected with 234; and so on. Men of equal calibre in this country would naturally think themselves disgraced if their votes were not counted by tens of thousands.

The Dallas-Clarendon Treaty.

By a telegraphic dispatch on our first page, it would appear that our Government has received official advices of the rejection of the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty, and that the basis of a new arrangement has been suggested by England. It is thought probable, however, that no action will be had until the next meeting of the U. S. Congress—so that there can be little apprehension of any difficulty in the matter.—Perhaps it would be better to take no action at all, or at furthest to let each other alone, according to the following sensible suggestions of the Philadelphia Ledger:

The rejection of the Dallas-Clarendon treaty, and especially the futile grounds on which England has thrust it aside, should be a lesson to the United States to keep clear for the future, of any "entangling" treaties with foreign powers. The best policy for this republic is to imitate the present attitude of England and France towards each other. Without any written guarantees, these two nations are in the enjoyment of the most perfect mutual amity, simply because each knows that any infringement, by either, on the rights of the other, will not be submitted to for a moment. This wholesome fear, this community of interest, is the only solid ground on which nations can stand, in their relations to each other. Treaties become mere waste paper, the moment this community of interests ceases; but while it remains, treaties are supererogatory. The entire experience of the United States in its efforts to arrange, with England, Central American affairs by treaty, demonstrates the truth of this position. It would have been better for this republic, at least, if neither the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, nor any of its successors, had ever been inaugurated.

Whatever were the motives of Lord Palmerston in refusing to approve of the treaty, the fact may be used to our advantage, and the refusal of the President to entertain the proposition for a renewal of negotiations, will meet the approval of every sensible and patriotic citizen. The clear policy of this republic is to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; to be unflinching in our relations in Central America, by any treaty stipulations with European powers; and so be able to protect our own interests, at all times, at a moment's notice. It is beneath the United States to be engaged in this paltry game of double-shuffle with Lord Palmerston. Let him go his way, and let us take ours. American diplomats are not political and professional jugglers, to take delight in successful trickery.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Curiosities of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe.—Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his, who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself in his bed and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noonday, sunk into a profound slumber. A person reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hammdt slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once, for four days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered.—

The venerable St. Augustine of Hippo prudently divided his hours into three parts, eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to recitations, and eight to converse with the world. Maniacs are reported particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light are permitted to fall into their apartment, hence the name lunatics. There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who have the night in the day, and the day in the night, become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.

Robert Emmet and his Love.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and illustrious Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant to the prison door. However, he granted the boon—led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance as is held in heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood, and though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, she prayed she should still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the Church bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say farewell! The door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! is there not a heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously; a martyr to his country and to liberty.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers

Its leaves by soft winds fanned,

She faded 'midst Italian flowers.—

The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy; what a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die far from her home in this beautiful land where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star had set; the brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth, close burning ties, "what is more heart rending and agonizing to the spirit, than to find, at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing flower?" Enough; she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet; the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

ANOTHER SPLENDID DONATION.—It is only two or three weeks since, says the National Intelligencer of Saturday, we had the gratification of recording the magnificent gift of twenty-five thousand dollars to the American Colonization Society by David Hunt, Esq., of Mississippi. We have now the pleasure to announce an additional splendid donation from the same noble hearted Philanthropist of twenty thousand dollars; a check for which amount was received from him by the treasurer of the society day before yesterday.—This sum makes a total of more than fifty thousand dollars which has been contributed by Mr. Hunt to the philanthropic cause of colonization. How great are the blessings of wealth when possessed by one so humane and generous.—Commercial Advertiser.

What wonderful, what world-wide, what incomprehensible delusion! Fifty thousand dollars are given, and for what? For exalting, for benefiting, for improving negroes? Alas! no, but for sending them back to Africa to relapse again into their primitive barbarism, while at this very time the civilized world is actually suffer-

ing for increased supplies of cotton, sugar, coffee and all the tropical productions, which are only to be had through the labor of these negroes. Sugar and coffee are actually becoming so high as to be almost beyond the reach of the poorer classes, and yet a mistake philanthropy is making these articles dearer and dearer, until, like satins and crimines, they can only be procured by the wealthiest classes; and worst of all, it is transforming happy, christianized, producing negroes into savage, nonproducing barbarians. Verily, has honest delusion ever made a more pitiful exhibition of itself since Europe was whitened with the bones of the Crusaders? New York Day Book.

Three Chances for a Wife.

When a man has three chances for a wife, it is a hard mischance if it should fail. The following is one of those cases which might have occurred down east, but we are rather doubtful if a similar event ever was known in any other part of the world. But let us give the experience of the gentleman, who had three chances, in his own language:

"Once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made it up to get married. Well, while we were going up to the Deacon's I stepped my foot into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins' new gown, made out of her grand mother's old chintz petticoat. Well, when we got to the Deacon's, he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful, wedded husband? 'No,' says she, 'I shan't do no such thing.' 'What on earth is the reason?' says I. 'Why,' says she, 'I've taken a mislken to you.' Well, it was all up with me then, but I gave her a string of beads a few kisses, and some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the Deacon's a second time. I was determined to come up to her this time, so when the Deacon asked me if I would take her for my lawful, wedded wife: says I, 'No, I shan't do no such thing.' 'Why,' says Deb, 'what on earth is the matter?' 'Why,' says I, 'I have taken a mislken to you now.' Well, there it was up again, but I gave her a new apron, and a few other little trinkets and we went up again to be married. We expected that we should be tied so fast that all nature could not separate us, and when we asked the Deacon if he would not marry us, he said, 'No I shan't do no such thing.' 'Why,' says she, 'I have taken a mislken to both of you.'—Deb burst out crying, the Deacon burst out scolding, and I burst out laughing, and such a set of regular busters you never did see."

ONE FOR DAN RICE.—Dan Rice, the well known clown, remitted in settlement of an account, to the publisher of a paper in the west, a three dollar bill, which was returned with the brief remark, "This note is counterfeit, please send another." It was two months before he heard from Dan again, when he apologised for the delay, saying that he had been unable till now to find another counterfeit three dollar bill, but he hoped the one he now enclosed would suit, professing at the same time his inability to discover what the objection was to the other, which he thought as good a counterfeit as he ever saw. It must be admitted that Dan swept that board.

MRS. PARTINGTON INDIGNANT.—"Will you have a Daily Sun?" said a newsboy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a Daily Sun? Why, you little scape-grace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home! No, indeed, I guess I won't have a Daily Sun! My poor dead man used to complain most awfully when I presented him a yearly son! A daily son, indeed! Begone, you little upstart imp!"

And the old lady called for the turkey-tail fan to keep from swooning.

BOBTAIL POLITICIANS.—The Louisville Journal recollects hearing from the late Chief Justice Marshall, that Gov. Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note of this tenor to Patrick Henry:

"SIR:—I understand that you have called me a 'bobtail' politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning."

WM. B. GILES.

To which Mr. Henry replied in this wise: "SIR:—I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or the occasion, I can't say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

Very respectfully,

PATRICK HENRY.

"Ah, me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a very powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."